

## WAR REMINISCENCES.

Personal Recollections of Conspicuous  
People, Civil and Military.

## NEW MEN TO THE FRONT.

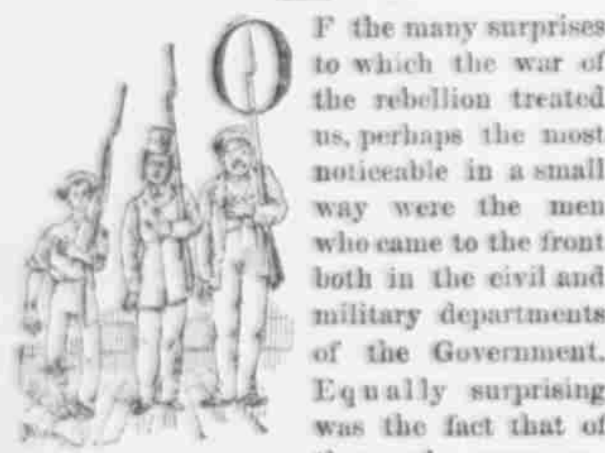
Absurdities Committed During  
the Early Days of the War.

## WEST POINT GRADUATES.

New Levies Taken from All  
Classes of Society.

BY GEN. JOHN POPE, U. S. A.

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Of the many surprises to which the war of the rebellion treated us, perhaps the most noticeable in a small way were the men who came to the front both in the civil and military departments of the Government. Equally surprising was the fact that of those who were expected to take the lead so few ever did so, and of that few none, or scarcely any, succeeded in maintaining their position. Naturally the West Point officers were placed at the head of the Army in the beginning, as they were the only persons supposed, from their education and experience, to have much military knowledge. It was astonishing to observe in the early part of 1861 how completely the people of the Northern States had lost all interest in military affairs, and, indeed, all knowledge of war; so that when hostilities precipitated themselves upon us scientific and military operations were thought to be so mysterious that it was considered, even by the people themselves, presumptuous for any citizen to criticize, much less, any allusion to them. Yet of all the transactions of human beings, there are none which should be (and indeed must be) under the dominion of common sense and business rules as the conduct of an army in time of war if success is to be hoped for. Whenever anything in conflict with common sense, especially business sense, is done by a commander of troops, it is quite certain that he is doing wrong and will achieve disaster as the same violation of business rules will bring similar results to business enterprises.

LIKE OTHER LESSONS OF THE WAR, this fact was not long in being found out by the people and the Government, and until it was discovered some of the most absurd and preposterous proceedings ever witnessed in this or any other country were carried on, in the face and under the eyes of the most intelligent people and keenest observers in the world. The gravity and patience with which the people of the country witnessed the wildest and most senseless antics of military men in the Summer of 1861 would have been ridiculous if it had not been invested with the pathos of a dreadful war close at hand. War was considered a mysterious specialty which none but the initiated must venture to intrude on, and the first year of the war, if it accomplished little else, did make plain to all the utter groundlessness of such an idea. When we look back to-day to the absurdities, the ridiculous pretensions and to the more preposterous, not to say outrageous, conduct of some of the principal Army officers in 1861, we stand astounded at the self-deception and ignorance of the people at a time when the strongest passions were aflame and the agonies of apprehension were torturing every man's soul. An entertaining and perhaps instructive paper, recounting some of these burlesque performances, both in the East and the West, might be easily made up from the official papers in the War Department, but if prepared by anyone who was in position to see behind the scenes it would be inexpressibly amusing. We are still rather too near the actors and the acts to publish such matters without giving great offense, but I presume enough will be left in manuscript to furnish our posterity with amusement we must deny ourselves.

It has always been and no doubt still is the theory of West Point Professors, that after a young fellow has passed one year at the Academy, he can solve his equation and, as it were, determine his z.

WHATEVER HE DOES OR FAILS TO DO when he leaves there, in no respect shakes their estimate of him. Whatever happens to him in conflict with their opinions is charged to circumstances abnormal and unexpected, and not in the least to any shortcoming in him. Naturally their method of "sizing up" of the graduates gives token of the same wisdom. The rule is full of simplicity. Every boy's capacity in life is determined by the number of scientific books he can cram into him or he can be made to absorb in a given time. It matters not in the least that the scholar does not digest or in any manner assimilate the intellectual banquet, and that if you squeeze him 20 years afterward it will run out of him as undigested as it went in. The equation has been solved, and there can be no dispute as to the answer. To West Point, therefore, the career of its graduates during the war was a source of constant wonder and dismay, though in justice to their wisdom it must be that these strange freaks of fortune never at all affected their previous estimates or shook their belief in the infallibility of their judgment. They always sought explanations of such impressive results in circumstances and conditions which had no relation to the capacity of the actors. To

these worthy Professors, with their inflexible opinions about the men whom they had taught, the career of such men as Grant and Sheridan was a fountain of wonder and perplexity, and they felt themselves much in the predicament of Balaam when his ass began to talk so wisely. They began to try and remember something of these remarkable men when they were obscure cadets to account for such unexpected outcome, but without much success.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF GRANT at West Point were put forth before the close of the war and attributed to one of the Professors, but as Grant was a very quiet, reserved man, with nothing noticeable in appearance, manners or proficiency in his studies, and was little, if at all, known even to schoolmates belonging to other classes than his own, much less to Professors, the value of these reminiscences may be fairly questioned. Gen. McClellan was the most exquisite exponent of these West Point ideas, and he may be fairly judged, or with sufficient fairness for the present purpose, from the estimate of himself which he gives in his late autobiography. In the professional mind he was the ripest production of West Point, which of course implies that he might have been considered over-ripe for any other institution of learning in the country.

His book and letters, however, enable anyone interested in the matter to form a sufficiently accurate idea of a beloved of West Point officials. Much the same remarks may be made of the prominent civilians appointed to high military positions at the beginning of the war, except that the valuation put upon them was due to public notoriety instead of algebraic determination. The general surprise and disappointment in the last case were quite as great as in the first, but the treatment was somewhat different. The facts were recognized and the remedy was applied in the case of the high military officials appointed from civil life with promptness and dispatch, but the educated military man was suffered to go on until his incapacity became a subject of general ridicule.

NO DOUBT THIS DIFFERENCE OF TREATMENT must be ascribed to the ignorance of war everywhere the rule in the country, and the very natural hesitation of those in authority to meddle with matters which they did not understand or to interfere with supposed experts.

When the first year of the war is recalled, and the inefficiency of the officers, their forgetfulness of the obligations of duty, their controversies and quarrels, and the disasters, failures and disappointments which logically resulted, it is difficult to realize that we were successful in the midst of such discouragement. That we did succeed must be attributed to the aptitude of our people to learn and apply the lessons of experience. It is but fair to state that most of these troubles occurred among and were brought about by officers of the old Army, mainly graduates of West Point.

The war, however, is now over, and all is peace once more. Everybody has been paraded and restored to good standing. The only enemies of peace, and the gushing sentimentality which appears to be the essential element of it, appear to be the old soldiers who put down the rebellion, and who scarcely dare open their mouths on any subject pertaining to the war, for fear of being charged with stirring up ill-feeling. They have, perhaps, lagged supercilious on the stage; in fact, they have certainly done so, since they have lived long enough to see how little distinction is made between the cause for which they fought and that upheld by their opponents.

When the war began the venerable Winfield Scott was General-in-Chief of the Army. He was old and feeble, wholly unable to undergo the fatigues of camp, or even to mount a horse. But he had just a great reputation as a soldier, a high position both in social and political life, and beyond and above all he possessed a recommendation most valued by the Administration in those early days of the civil war. He was from the Border State of Virginia, and an intensely loyal man. His presence in Washington and his active zeal in behalf of the Government were of immense benefit at that time of doubt and uncertainty, every hour aggravated by the desertion of some high official, carrying off with him valuable personal influence and information. Although Gen. Scott was incapable of doing active duty in the field, he could do the work of administration at the head of the Army in all matters pertaining to the organization and supply of the new troops called into service, and at the general fields to which they should be sent. He had confined himself to this work, all would probably have gone well; but the moment troops of the enemy began to take position in front of our army before Washington, the martial spirit again dominated his better judgment, and he undertook to conduct from his office in Washington

graduate stood side by side in the ranks, at the same food side by side at the mess, and slept side by side in their tents. Whilst all of them had, no doubt, been governed by the ordinary rules of civil life, perhaps none of them had ever in the slightest taste of army discipline, or were at all accustomed to the arbitrary orders and curt manners of the old Army officer. As the larger part of them were men of intelligence and character, and held social standing of more or less prominence at home, it was desirable, if not absolutely essential, that in the beginning of this abrupt and extreme change of life they should at first have been treated with the utmost kindness both of speech and of act. The patriotic reason which

PROMPTED THEM TO LEAVE EVERYTHING and come forward even as private soldiers to defend their Government, fully entitled them to the highest consideration, and I am sure it was felt, though, perhaps, rarely shown, by old Army officers during the first months of the war. It took these old military officials some time to shake off the habits of their lives and to comprehend clearly that the volunteers placed under their command were many, if not all of them, citizens of character and standing. They came to realize it, however, before many months had passed, and to make the proper changes both in manner and method. It was discovered, too, that fear of punishment was hardly the proper incentive to the making of a good soldier, and that discipline needed no military violence, nor the voice of a bayonet. They also learned in time that the trouble between the North and the South was not a political squabble, nor the volunteer a "mustang."

When McDowell was made a Brigadier-General and placed in command of the troops in front of Washington, he was about 35 years of age, tall and stalwart, with short hair and a full face, inclining to redness, and when in uniform he had all the distinctive appearance of a Marshal of the First Empire. His eyes were very bright, his tones of voice rough and metallic, his manner arbitrary and at times irritating. He was an accomplished soldier, full of the book knowledge of the science of war, and full of energy and zeal. It may be said of him as it cannot be said of many in such unqualified terms, that he was an intensely loyal man, not alone to his country, but to his duty. I have never known a man in whom

THE OBLIGATION OF DUTY DOMINATED to such a degree as McDowell. The misfortune was that his arrogant manner, a habit merely, and the strong metallic voice in which he seldom uttered the harshest language when excited (and he was easily and often excited), gave him an undesired popularity during the first months of the war, which he was never able entirely to overcome. In his position as commander of the troops in front of Washington, he was also handicapped by the fact that Gen. Scott, only two or three miles in rear, was in the actual command-in-chief, and that he (McDowell) had been Aid-de-Camp only a short time before. Naturally McDowell, who saw both the troops and country with his own eyes, had come to strong convictions about attacking the enemy in his front, who, by the way, were actually blockading the Potomac below Washington with their pickets along the river, absolutely in sight of the Capital.

He also had his opinion as to the true manner in which the attack should be made. There was no question about the absolute necessity that some effort should be made as soon as possible to rid the vicinity of Washington of the presence of hostile troops. Naturally, also, Gen. Scott had his opinions on the subject, and as usual the king and the heir-apparent disagreed on both points.

As usual, the compromise was not so good as either of the original plans. The essential feature of the plan finally adopted was that Gen. Johnston, of the rebel army, who was in front of Winchester, should be detained there until McDowell fought the battle at Bull Run with Beauregard. For this purpose Gen. Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, a retired merchant, who knew a great deal more about a division of profits in a trade than about a division of honor in a field, was placed in command of a considerable Union force at Winchester, and as guide, philosopher and friend, that impetuous soldier and desperate fighter, Fitz-John Porter, then a Major in the Adjutant-General's Department, was sent to Winchester. Porter, a perfectly loyal result followed. Johnston marched away to Bull Run and determined the result of that battle; Patterson and Porter remained to adorn the village of Winchester. McDowell wrote a very manly report of the battle (first Bull Run), in which, however, he took upon himself the responsibility for many misfortunes and mistakes not properly chargeable to him. If he had known how much his generous act would be afterward abused to his injury, he would perhaps have shown less forbearance.

He was in all such matters a generous man, and in several cases within his own knowledge this trait of character has been played upon by the unscrupulous. It is amazing now, as it was then, to everybody who knew him, what shameful slanders were circulated about him, and generally credited, because of his great unpopularity. One of the most loyal men on earth, openly charged with treachery on the field of battle—treachery to the degree of communicating with the enemy during a great battle, and furnishing information to defeat his comrades. The most temperate man in the army, indeed, in temper to the verge of intemperance in his abhorrence of drink, he was proved by the testimony of several witnesses to have been seen in a beastly condition of intoxication on the streets of Washington. Most of this injury, to the imputation of his life and the destruction of his military career, was due largely to the impatience of his temper and the arrogance and severity of his language and manner. One can learn from McDowell's fate how much more valuable to human success is that intangible thing called department than character and ability. Indeed, the successful career of several of our conspicuous officers during the early part of the war was due wholly and exclusively to "department."

By department I do not mean simply gross manner and apparent cordiality, but also that mystery in which the possession of it shrouded themselves, that seclusion in which they entrenched themselves, so as to be inaccessible, at times, even to the President of the United States himself. No one could look on the solemn visage, the furrowed brow and pensive face without being impressed that they indicated profound thought, and that vast projects and gigantic schemes of conquest were surging in the massive brain behind. As few men in these days knew anything of war, they accepted these heroes at their own valuation, and it is astonishing how long they basked on this capital alone. It is not worth while to mention their names. They will occur at once to anyone familiar with those times.

McDowell possessed none of these impressive ways, and suffered accordingly.

(To be continued.)

## THE FUEL BEAMS.

A Quiet Retreat on the Top of South  
Mountain.

## ARCHY'S MEDITATIONS.

What Happened in Perry's  
Search for Brian.

## SISTERLY CONFIDENCES.

How Perry and Cooroo Entered  
a New Life.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

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## XL.

SEEKING LEVELS. ARCHY Beatty hid himself till night at Belshazzar's Table, a vast confusion of broken slabs of sandstone upon the section of the South Mountain beyond the Gap, and overlooking Burkettsville; these shattered rocks, like a convulsion in a crockery shop, or the overturning of plates and dishes at a grand banquet, afforded caves and covers for the obscure fugitive to secrete himself, and from the fringes of the laurel and chestnut he could peep down upon both valleys and be unseen.

The spot he looked upon with a murderer's last fond hope was the respectable brick farm dwelling where Cooroo earned a habitation by her housekeeping arts.

Archy was a spoiled man, but not a bad one. His heart was ardent beyond his skill and obstinate head. Trying to do right had made him arrogant, and ignorance of the law in his case was almost innocence; for he had been, with blind faith, taking the Old Testament, which the preachers called "the law of God," to be the only code of laws, and had come to the view that an idolator, a soothsayer, or a wizard could be "cut off."

His offense was that of many a self-righteous rustic sectarian, nominating himself to be the law's executioner. "He shall be cut off" implied to Archy, with his extensive ecclesiastical pretensions, a command to himself, and although he had been jealous of O'Connor's attentions to his foster sister, the benefit of the doubt was due to him that he felt the intruder with the arm of superstition, like the Joabs and Samuels of old.

Yet the angry clouds of fate were now around Archy's head. Respectable endeavors had been for naught, and one moment of fury had pushed him over into the criminal world and hunted him to the desert rocks of the upland wilderness.

He knelt among these lichen-spotted stones, the illimitable broken tablets, as they seemed,

OF THE LAWS FROM SINAI, and prayed great words of agony, till he forgot his danger, and was literally wrestling with the angels, crying, like Jacob, "I will not let thee go till thou hast blessed me."

But no soothing assurance ever comes from violent acts of passion, though self-righteousness was their excuse. The longer he prayed the more unnatural Archy felt, and finally he turned upon heaven itself with accusations.

Nothing had been well ordered for him in the Christian progression; the society and its individuals had hardened toward him. He began to soften toward the view of Perry Turtle, to go and "pound upon the stones and bricks, and not on the pulpits," and be a good mason instead of a vainglorious preacher.

"Alas!" exclaimed Archy, all sweaty and haggard after the convulsions of the afternoon, "I have lost my chance with Sir James Athol. He was to give me a dwelling to build for the Turtle girls. How can I explain anything to him?"

The stars were now out, and a large lantern of a moon lighted up the deep valley and called the owls and noisy insects from rock and tree. Superstitious images of the quivering fellow-man he had stretched at his feet frightened the mason's composure. Many a night he had walked through these same woods singing hymns, fearing neither men nor spirits, and rejoicing in his exhorter's triumphs at the rustic churches.

"I am Cain indeed," said Archy at length, "the very spirits of the stones are up again me. O, if there is not one kind girl left to greet me, I must find another world where silence is not."

As he picked his way along the spine of the mountain toward the Gap he observed lights moving in the buildings there and heard the sound of wagons loading goods.

Fear and curiosity, and also the plaintive desire for human society, impelled Archy to work his way to the verge of the lawn, and there he heard the servants saying:

"Be lively with this last truck! We must make Fredericktown by the early train."

"What keeps Sir James?"

"Mr. O'Connor has not reported yet. Sir James went to look for him till dark, and has the neighbors out hunting the mountain; for Sir James sails for England in the next 30 hours."

Relief, yet distress, came to Archy's soul. Perhaps this speedy departure would confuse the knowledge and prevent the exposure of the murder.

Perhaps, also, poor Creepers Turtle would never get the dwelling Sir James was to build for him.

"O, GOD," EXCLAIMED ARCHY, "that I have robbed the poor cripple of his chance for a dry home!"

He shed some real tears of heartfelt pathos.

That instant the hard and fiercer conditions which had steeled him against contrition seemed to have relaxed.

An idea fell into his mind as of the light from one of the heavenly stars above his head.

He trembled and reflected and fell upon his knees:

"Pardon! mercy!" he sighed; "I ask the world to weep its dew for me. Give me, Nature! somewhere, thy consolation. I am a sinner."

The sound of the departing wagons driven toward Middletown became fainter and fainter in the crystal vault of night.

Archy raised himself, and muttered:

"I know I have found some sympathy. Maybe I will come the next thing to love."

He struck around the edge of the lawn, and by a steep path descended to Creepers Turtle's cabin.

It was the hour for Cooroo to make the evening call upon her father.

Archy appeared before her by the heap of stones at the inlet to the hut:

"My darling," he whispered, "I have come to you for consolation. Perry has turned me away. She has broken my heart."



GO! BRING THE DEAD TO LIFE! Go! "How can I help you, Archy? The poor soul is dead. I feel for you, dear friend."

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